

Good Morning 536

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Dick Gordon's STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO

ANN MILLER likes to do what she does best, and that's dance. Unlike many another dancer of stage and screen, Ann doesn't pine for dramatic parts, and she hopes it will be a long time before a studio asks her to put away the tap shoes that have brought her luck.

"There are plenty of girls in Hollywood who do a wonderful job of straight dramatic roles. Competition in the dance field isn't so keen. Why should I try a realm which is already crowded?" Ann inquires sensibly. "Besides, I love to dance."

Ann has always loved to dance, ever since she was a little girl. When she was three or four years old her mother took her to her first movie, which happened to be the silent film, "The Merry Widow," in which Mae Murray danced everything from adagio to the famed Franz Lehár waltz with dashing John Gilbert.

To Ann, the child, Mae Murray seemed the most beautiful and glamorous figure she had ever seen. Ann decided then and there she wanted to grow up to be as graceful and as beautiful and as blonde as Miss Murray.

To assure the first quality, Ann teased her mother into permitting her to take dancing lessons. Nature took care of her second wish. Ann herself took care of the third, years later, when she had grown up and become famous as a dancer on Broadway in George White's little girl in the audience will



"Scandals." Since then, however, Ann has permitted her tresses to return to their natural raven shade.

like me well enough to find the inspiration for a dancing career, just as I found one when, as a little girl, I saw Mae Murray dance so beautifully in "The Merry Widow."

CURRENTLY, Ann, under contract to Columbia Studios, is working before the cameras in "Battleship Blues," opposite Kay Kyser. She is happy because she is permitted to dance in her films. "I've never quite gotten over the surprise and satisfaction of being paid to do what I like best," she says delightedly.

However, Ann does admit that dancing is hard work as well as fun. Weeks of practice precede her appearances before the cameras. Each day is spent in an arduous effort to get the routines just right. She has devised some novel dance numbers for "Battleship Blues."

"If they're not the best I've done yet in the movies, it won't be for lack of trying. The story gives me one of the best opportunities I've had on the screen. And I hope that maybe some

of these stars, the "dark-haired man with a limp," borrowed money, changed big cheques and obtained money in divers ways to the extent of 20,000 dollars.

Telegrams arrived at frequent intervals announcing that the stars were on their way, but that the plane in which they were travelling had been grounded at Kansas City. He arranged to hire twenty recital.

Family Comforts for A.B. Harvey Butterworth (And the rest of the Royal Navy)

IT'S a long way between "Somewhere at Sea" and your home town of Leek (N. Staffs), but we can tell you that there's a jolly good link.

Your mother explained what it was—as she dished out sausages and spuds to her hungry family, when we called a few days ago.

She told us that as well as looking after the seven of them, she is doing "full-time" at the textile works. There she makes scarves,

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

pullovers and all sorts of comforts for the Navy. So does your pretty, blonde sister Joan. That's the link, Harvey.

We mention Joan. She's proud of her sailor brother, and we can't pass her off with just one short sentence. She's sending you some special pin-up photos of herself. Mind where you pin 'em, or you'll be losing a sister.

Little Margaret—she's six now—is waiting for you to come home, so she can take you a cup of tea up to bed every morning. That'll be a nice change for you—if the P.O. doesn't do it for you already.

And Dad, who joined up at 16 in the last war, thinks you're old enough now to have a drink with him next time you're home! Don't forget to take him up on that!

Then—last, but by no means least, there's John—5ft. 10in. at 13, and still growing. Your Mum says he puts more away than the rest of the children put



together. She thinks he'll make latest from Leek. All the best, Harvey, and a load of love from that just about covers the family.

"Salvation Navy" will Aid Civil Flying

HIGH on the list of great British successes in the war is that of Air-Sea Rescue. Many now ask: "Will some form of Air-Sea Rescue continue with Peace?"

The answer is "Yes."

The great development of

Civil Aviation after the war will mean that aircraft will use air-lanes just as modern shipping does the sea-lanes. Despite the great improvements in aircraft, and the development of radio communication, the launches of the Air-Sea Rescue Service would be a boon.

In discussing Air-Sea Rescue it should not be forgotten that mighty progress has been made in the usage of planes in co-operation with the R.A.F. and Royal Navy launches that have performed such sterling service in speeding to the aid of distressed airmen.

Perhaps the greatest achievement has been the development of the aerial lifeboat. This is purely a British invention, and has been the means of saving scores of Allied lives.

The dropping of this lifeboat, on the end of a parachute, calls for rare judgment, and the

pilots serving with "A.S.R." have proved themselves to be just as accurate as any bombardier.

The crews of bombers brought down into the sea, and merchant seamen torpedoed by U-boats, have reason to thank the "Back-Room Boys" for another wonderful effort, and in the years to come, when Civil Aviation expands, these "Aerial Lifeboats" will most certainly have a big role to play.

Launches of the Air-Sea Rescue Service, knowing the various lanes used by civil aircraft, might keep patrols, but it is more likely that they would be placed, as to-day, in strategic points for the advantage of the R.A.F.

Whatever will be the outcome of the post-war plan to use the "Salvation Navy," certain is it that they will, in Peace, just as much as in war, be responsible for saving from the sea hundreds of gallant airmen and mariners.

Their duties, unofficial, of course, since the beginning of the war have included the carrying of wounded men from island outposts to the mainland for specialist treatment, and a hundred and one other vital little tasks.

Actually, these launches brought the first wounded back from Normandy, four hours after the initial landing. Others, to pick up pilots, have

gone right beneath the muzzles of the German long-range guns. The men of the Air-Sea Rescue Service, who wear the white badge showing a launch at speed, have proved great workmen over the war years.

The "A.S.R.S." will never take the place of the Royal National Lifeboat Institute. Their craft could never go out into the heavy seas with the calm serenity of the hardy life-boats, although, if it were necessary, I have not the slightest doubt that the gallant crews would be willing to take such a chance.

A great bond of friendship has grown up between the two life-saving bodies, and, in the course of my travels, I have found it interesting to discover that more than one famous life-boatman has one, even three or four, young relatives serving aboard the "crash-boats."

"Lifesaving at sea is in the blood; you can't make a life-saver," a famous lifeboat coxswain said to me the other day. "I have been watching some of the R.A.F. and Navy boys going about their work. They're great. While they're around, our life-saving has nothing to worry about in the future."

Dr. Laing Talks about Smoking

IS smoking unhealthy? If so, how unhealthy? What makes us want to smoke? Does tobacco stimulate—and how long for?

Such are some of the questions men are always asking me. The heaviest and most wilful smokers evidently seek occasional reassurance; and non-smokers, too, like support for their frequent view that smoking amounts to a vice.

I am afraid I can satisfy neither camp. Smoking is not a vice, but a habit, and scientific tests and medical records have proved that it can be harmful.

What happens when you smoke? An apparent relaxation is often due to the fact that a cigarette gives you something to do and releases tense nervous energy. Twiddling a piece of paper or a pencil would, of course, be just as useful if this were the only effect.

Smoking also, however, stimulates the adrenal glands, which then release sugar or energy fuel into the blood. Smoking can thus relieve tiredness and irritability when these are due to lack of sugar energy.

This buoyancy afforded by tobacco can last up to half an hour, and another cigarette will again bring a rise in the blood sugar concentration.

Simultaneously, smoking satisfies the sensory cells in the brain by stimulating them. Lack of stimulation leads to depression, which, in turn, can be relieved by a smoke. The heavier the smoking, the stronger the subsequent craving.

Obviously, with both glands and brain-cells, this can lead to a vicious and harmful circle.

Smoking remains a habit, however, and not an addiction, because anyone can stop smoking with comparatively little unhappiness if provided with a sufficiently good reason.

Those who stop merely for a good resolution usually have insufficient reason.

It is interesting to note, however, that when a patient is told that smoking is detrimental to his heart and that his heart is not normal, he immediately loses all interest in smoking.

When a doctor is not emphatic, on the other hand, and merely advises a cutting-down of cigarettes, each cigarette is counted carefully, and a coun-

terpoise craving inevitably results.

Does smoking affect the heart? In a study of 800 electrocardiograms of smokers and non-smokers, heart abnormalities were found one-and-a-half times as often among smokers.

Smoking's first effect is upon the circulatory system. That is why many smokers experience a little dizziness with the first "fag" of the day, especially if the first puffs are deeply inhaled. Smoking causes the muscles in the walls of the arteries to contract, and this slows the blood-flow to the brain.

With high-power microscopes which show individual blood-cells floating through the capillaries in the skin, the slowing of the movement of the cells can be easily observed when a smoker inhales. The drop in temperature readings taken from the end of the foot is another clue to the same effect.

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But what's the harm? Insurance statistics cast an interesting light here. In a study of 2,000 smokers and non-smokers, smokers complained of

Cough 300 per cent. more than non-smokers;

Palpitation 50 per cent. more often;

Heartburn 100 per cent. more often;

Nervousness 76 per cent. more often;

Irritation of nose and throat 167 per cent. more often;

Shortness of breath 140 per cent. more often.

Dr. H. V. J. Morton, in the course of "Lancet" correspondence, recently showed that he had studied 1,200 patients—and smokers were six times more liable to lung illnesses after operations.

On the other hand, this liability shrank in the case of light smokers, those who smoked less than ten cigarettes a day.

When a normally healthy person smokes fewer than six cigarettes, or less than two cigars daily, he can be considered a non-smoker as far as his health is concerned.

Tolerance to nicotine set up in their systems can raise the number of cigarettes higher among smokers of long standing.

Perhaps the pleasure you derive from smoking offsets the health hazard. It is up to you to balance that issue.

Beauty and the Bear

THE mutineers appeared to be in a dilemma, and, following the example of the mate, scratched their heads thoughtfully.

"We thought you liked him," said the mate, at last, feebly.

"You had no business to think," said Miss Rumbolt. "You are bad men, and you'll all be hung, every one of you; I shall come and see it."

"The cap'n's welcome to her for me," murmured the helmsman in a husky whisper to the man next to him. "The vixen!"

"Very good," said the mate. "If you won't, you won't. This end of the ship'll belong to you after eight o'clock of a night. Lewis, you must go for'ard with the men."

"And what are you going to do with me after?" inquired the fair prisoner.

The seven men shrugged their shoulders helplessly, and Hezekiah, coolness, got more and more stuffy, looking depressed, lit his pipe, and until at length even the scorching deck seemed preferable, and the went and leaned over the side.

The day passed quietly. The orders were given by the mate, and Hezekiah lounged moodily

Concluding "AN ELABORATE ELOPEMENT" - By W. W. JACOBS

about, a prisoner at large. At eight o'clock Miss Rumbolt was alone, pondering gloomily over the given the key of the state-room, and the men who were not in the watch went below.

The morning broke fine and clear with a light breeze, which, towards mid-day, dropped entirely, and the schooner lay rocking lazily on a sea of glassy smoothness. The sun beat fiercely down, bringing the fresh paint on the taffrail up in blisters, and sorely trying the tempers of the men who were doing odd jobs on deck.

The cabin, where the two victims of a mutinous crew had retired for coolness, got more and more stuffy, looking depressed, lit his pipe, and until at length even the scorching deck seemed preferable, and the went and leaned over the side.

The day passed quietly. The orders were given by the mate, and Hezekiah lounged moodily

For some time the skipper sat alone, pondering gloomily over the state of affairs as he smoked his short pipe. He was aroused at length from his apathy by the sound of the companion being

cries and hurrying footsteps on deck announced that something extraordinary was happening. As he rose to his feet he was confronted by Kate Rumbolt, who, panting and excited, waved a big key before him.

"I've done it," she cried, her eyes sparkling.

"Done what?" shouted the mystified skipper.

"Let the bear loose," said the girl. "Ha, ha! you should have seen them run. You should have seen the fat sailor!"

"Let the—phew—let the Good heavens! here's a pretty kettle of fish!" he choked.

"Listen to them shouting," cried the exultant Kate, clapping her hands. "Just listen."

"Those shouts are from aloft," said Hezekiah sternly, "where you and I ought to be."

"I've closed the companion," said the girl reassuringly.

"Closed the companion!" repeated Hezekiah, as he drew his knife. "He can smash it like cardboard, if the fit takes him. Go in here."

He opened the door of his state-room.

"Shan't!" said Miss Rumbolt politely.

"Go in at once!" cried the skipper. "Quick with you."

"Sha—" began Miss Rumbolt again. Then she caught his eye, and went in like a lamb. "You come too," she said prettily.

"I've got to look after my ship and my men," said the skipper. "I suppose you thought the ship would steer itself, didn't you?"

"Mutineers deserve to be eaten," whimpered Miss Rumbolt piously, somewhat taken aback by the skipper's demeanour.

Hezekiah looked at her.

"They're not mutineers, Kate," he said quietly. "It was just a piece of mad folly of mine. They're as honest a set of old sea dogs as ever breathed, and I only hope they are all safe up aloft. I'm going to lock you in; but don't be frightened, it shan't hurt you."

He slammed the door on her protests, and locked it, and, slipping the key of the cage in his pocket, took a firm grip of his knife, and, running up the steps, gained the deck. Then his breath came more freely, for the mate, who was standing a little way up the fore

rigging, after tempting the bear with his foot, had succeeded in dropping a noose over its head. The brute made a furious attempt to extricate itself, but the men hurried down with other lines, and in a short space of time the bear presented much the same appearance as the lion in "Æsop's Fables," and was dragged and pushed, a heated and indignant mass of fur, back to its cage.

Having locked up one prisoner, the skipper went below and released the other, who passed quickly from a somewhat hysterical condition to one of such haughty disdain that the captain was thor-



"Washout!!"

oughly cowed, and stood humbly aside to let her pass.

The fat seaman was standing in front of the cage as she reached it, and regarding the bear with much satisfaction until Kate sidled up to him, and begged him, as a personal favour, to go in the cage and undo it.

"Undo it! Why he'd kill me!" gasped the fat seaman, aghast at such simplicity.

"I don't think he would," said his tormenter, with a bewitching smile; "and I'll wear a lock of your hair all my life if you do."

(Continued on Page 3)

But you'd better give it to me before you go in."

"I ain't going in," said the fat sailor shortly.

"Not for me?" queried Kate archly.

"Not for fifty like you," replied the old man firmly. "He nearly had me when he was loose. I can't think how he got out."

"Why, I let him out," said Miss Rumbolt airily. "Just for a little run. How would you like to be

shut up all day?"

QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz

in No. 535

1. Cord.
2. Fork, Spade, Trowel, Hoe, Dibber, Mower, Shears, Rake, Secateur, Syringe, Hose, etc.
3. Billy Cotton.
4. Mozambique Channel.
5. Biliards, Snooker, Pool.
6. Parasine.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN

TORRID screen star Fifi Dorsay is "too sexy" to go to Europe. That's what the French-Canadian actress was told by the United Service Organisation in New York after she applied for permission to entertain the troops in England and France.

"Sorry," was the verdict, "but you'd be a disturbing influence."

And is Fifi mad!

What about Carole Landis, Ann Sheridan and Paulette Goddard? Am I any more sexy than them? They were allowed to go overseas. I'm so mad I want to scream," she told reporters.

U.S.C. gave Fifi a try-out before 200 Italian prisoners.

"Perhaps I did a few things I shouldn't have done," she lamented. "But how did I know there was a bunch of Army chaplains in the audience who were reporting my act?

"Once I lifted up my skirt above my knee and yelled, 'Take a good look, boys; it's good stuff if you can get it.' Those boys whistled and laughed—but what those chaplains didn't say!"

"I do a little singing, a little clowning, and a little wriggling," Fifi said, "but it's all clean and subtle."

"It would have been my first trip to Paris, and now they say I'm too hot for Paris. It's unfair!"

What about a party at Forth?

★

FUN and games in Winnie's Pub in Fetter Lane the other Sunday evening was on account of a film being shot there. The ordinary lights were dimmed by the power of the arc lamps, and the cosy bar dwarfed by the size of the camera. The actors taking part were John Mills, Miles Maleson and Frederick Allen, and the only drinks served were "prop" drinks handed out by the commentator.

"No. 10," to Fleet Street men, journalists, printers, and a host of commercial folk who use it, is one of the haunts which is better known by its nickname than its correct one, the "Falcon." The nickname became necessary years ago to distinguish it from others of the same name in the neighbourhood.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS - 475

1. Insert consonants in **A**E**Y and *O*E**A*A*E and get two fruits.

2. Here are two tags whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?

OTBLA — LETOM.

3. If "legible" is the "leg" of writing, what is the leg of (a) the Diplomatic Corps, (b) the Law?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 474

1. Sycamore, Juniper.
2. Jumper—Stocking.
3. (a) Holiday, (b) Faraday.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



AN ELABORATE ELOPEMENT

(Continued from Page 2)
her with more fluency than politeness when he was interrupted.

"That'll do," said the skipper, who had come behind them. "Go for'ard, you. There's been enough of this fooling: the lady thought you had taken the ship. Thompson, I'll take the helm; there's a little wind coming. Stand by there."

He walked aft and relieved the steersman, awkwardly conscious that the men were becoming more and more interested in the situation, and also that Kate could hear some of their remarks. As he pondered over the subject, and tried to think of a way out of it, the cause of all the trouble came and stood by him.

"Did my father know of this?" she inquired.

"I don't know that he did exactly," said the skipper uneasily. "I just told him not to expect you back that night."

"And what did he say?" said she.

"Said he wouldn't sit up,"

said the skipper, grinning, despite himself.

Kate drew a breath the length of a bit.

"I was afraid of that traveller chap from Ipswich," said Hezekiah, after a pause. "Your father told me he was hanging round you again, so I thought I—well, I was a blamed fool anyway."

"See how ridiculous you have made me look before all these men," said the girl angrily.

"They've been with me for years," said Hezekiah apologetically, "and the mate said it was a magnificent idea. He quite raved about it, he did. I wouldn't have done it with some crews, but we've had some dirty times together, and they've stood by me well. But of course that's nothing to do with you. It's been an adventure I'm very sorry for, very."

"A pretty safe adventure for you," said the girl scornfully.

"You didn't risk much. Look here, I like brave men. If you go and undo that bear, I'll

marry you. That's what I call an adventure."

"Smith," called the skipper quietly, "come and take the helm a bit."

The seaman obeyed, and Lewis, accompanied by the girl, walked and looked over the side.

"I was afraid of that traveller from Ipswich," said Hezekiah, after a pause. "Your father told me he was hanging round you again, so I thought I—well, I was a blamed fool anyway."

"You're afraid," said the girl tauntingly: "you're quite white."

The captain made no reply, but eyed her so steadily that her gaze fell. He drew the key from his pocket and inserted it in the huge lock, and was just turning it, when a soft arm was drawn through his, and a soft voice murmured sweetly in his ear, "Never mind about the old bear."

And he did not mind.

THE END

RADIO RIVALRY

B.B.C. programme executives through loyalty to the stars are being offered ten-year contracts at were not high enough. An official of an agency commercial broadcasting at which handled much of the advertising over two European stations said: "No one actually knows when commercial broadcasting from abroad will be started again for British audiences."

This is Round 1 of a coming £1,000,000 battle between the B.B.C. and commercial radio firms who hope to broadcast again to Britain from abroad.

The big salaries are being offered to compensate B.B.C. folk for the seniority and pen-sions they would forfeit.

A B.B.C. comedy star has turned down an invitation to make recordings to be broadcast from foreign stations, part-

"In the year before these two stations stopped commercial broadcasting (in September, 1939), about £1,000,000 was spent on their British pro-

grammes."

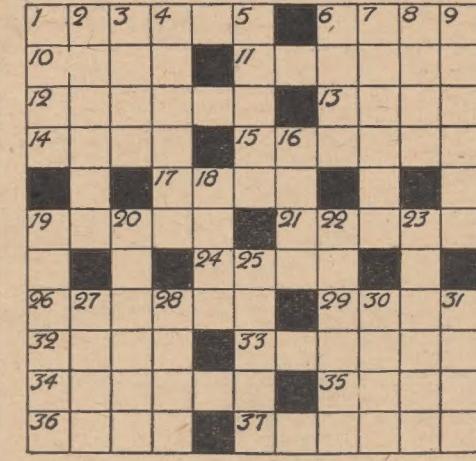
American interests are said

to be negotiating for broadcast

facilities in Eire."

Dick Gordon

CROSSWORD CORNER



1. ISS.

1. Part of India.

6. Young animals.

10. Wheel spindle.

11. From abroad.

12. Not dense.

13. Old bird.

14. Whetstone.

15. Shop-keeper.

17. Too.

19. Answering

call.

21. Put out of countenance.

24. Dandy.

26. Bird.

29. Copied.

32. Tree.

33. Vehicle.

building.

34. Come into view.

35. Level.

36. Depend.

37. Emphasise.

SCENA	AMBER
ARM	M DOOR
LUBRICATION	TILE
TIKE	HELSE
SEXTANT	C
GEM	ERA
GERALD	IRK
L	BAGGAGE
URSA	EGNAW
MOTHER	GOOSE
GOOSE	SAIL
SAIL	A ROE
REGAL	SPEND

CLUES DOWN.

1. Go fast.
2. Disclose.
3. Coterie.
4. Grain.
5. Requirements.
6. Musical addition.
7. Perfect state.
8. Abide.
9. Go very fast.
10. Route.
11. Vein of ore.
12. Grain-feeder.
13. Boy's name.
14. Carrier.
15. Attacks.
16. Impels.
17. Tree.
18. Identical.
19. Prepare.
20. Studies.

CENSOR DOES HIS HOMEWORK

THE good man is still hard at it! Working away in his precious leisure hours to perfect his mastery of the censor's craft, he is steadily blue-pencil his way through the Nursery Rhymes.

Here is his latest effort:

The Lion and the Unicorn
Were fighting for a crown;
The Lion — the Unicorn
All round the town.

With one bold flick of his blue pencil he has opened up visions of a spectacle so entertaining that we shall always regret that we were not among the privileged citizens who were there to witness it.

GIBBS



"Thank you, Mr. Peabody—you've saved me from a fate worse than death!"

Alex Cracks

Mrs. Jones: "I hear the Smiths' maid is not so good after all."

Absent-minded Hubby: "Lucky old Smith."

"Our Buddy is going to be in the hospital a long time."

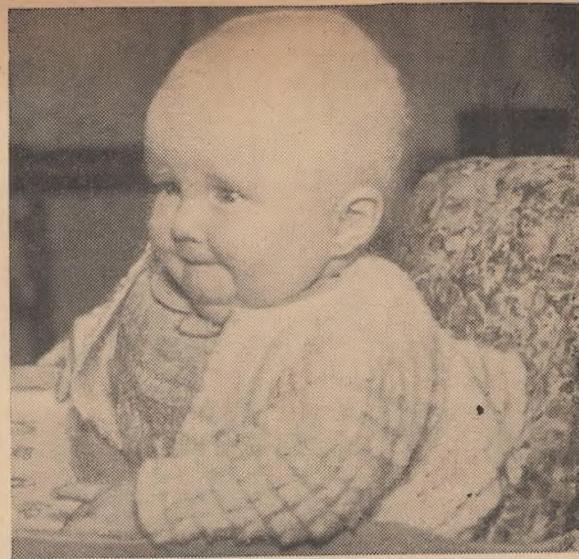
"Why? Did you see his doctor?"

"No, I saw his nurse!"

Good Morning



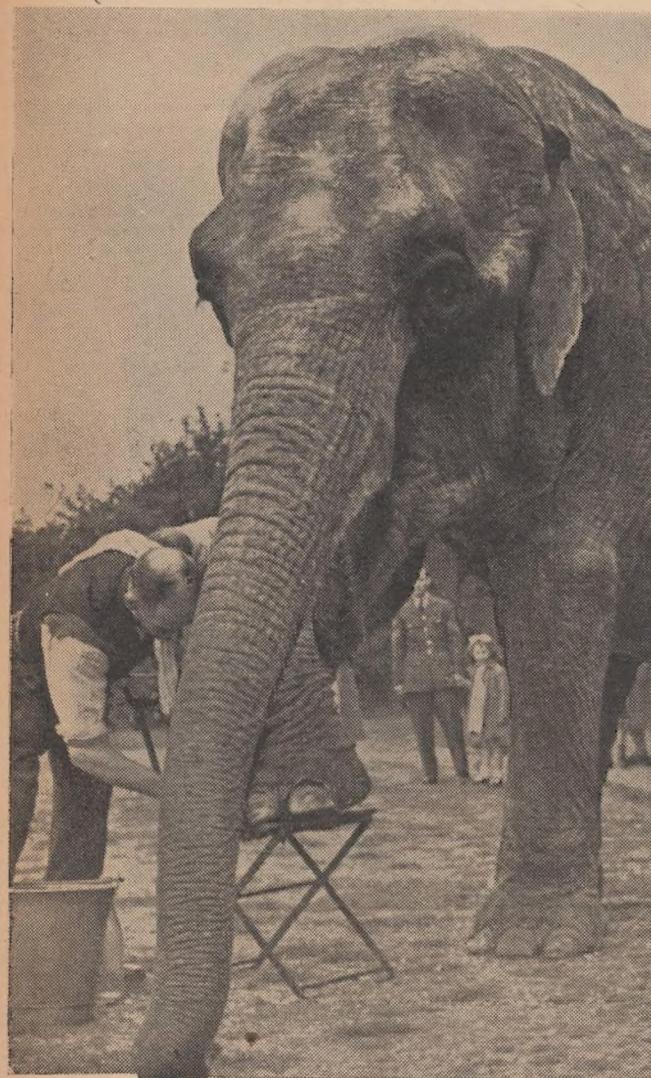
THIS ENGLAND. Come down from the high moors to this little oasis of thatched cottages, ringed by the giant oak trees, and it's like making a sheltered roadstead after the buffettings of the open sea. Buckland-in-the-Moor is the name, and it's one of the Dartmoor villages.



"Accustomed as I am to public burping, I find this occasion leaves me speechless."



"I am conscious of the great honour you have done me by voting me into the high-chair."



If any chiropodist has ever yearned to do bigger things — now's the chance! Elephants, evacuated from the London Zoo to Whipsnade, find the gravel paths tough on the toe-nails.



NOT COPPER-BOTTOMING
—JUST COPPER—KNOB!
The West End's favourite red-head, Zoe Gail, is certainly going places. With us, it's like this. We're content to go any place Zoe's going.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Ginger Tom is my favourite 'red-head'."

